# Fearful Symmetry

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# Fearful Symmetry

by harleygirl2648

Summary

*When the stars threw down their spears*
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Hannibal's kills are clean and precise. Will is craving something a little...*messier*.

Notes

Just as a reminder, this is rated for heavy-duty gore imagery.

See the end of the work for more notes

*“I’ve given up good and evil for behaviorism.”*

If Will had anything left of a life motto, it would be that quote. But ever since his old life had been washed away in the cold depths of the Atlantic, he had found that now he was simply living each day to the next, enjoying everything that came his way. Occasionally working, sometimes fishing or reading or working or listening to music or hunting, and always, always, with Hannibal close by.

*“Talk to me,” Will says, letting his eyes close but not willing to fall asleep yet as he leans against Hannibal’s chest while they lie in bed. He moves even closer as Hannibal hums to himself, running his fingers through his dark brown curls.*

*“What would you like me to say?”*

*“Anything, I just want to hear your voice,” Will murmurs, moving his head a slight bit to press a kiss just underneath Hannibal’s jawline. He can feel the rumble of amusement, and he smiles back, enjoying this scene of quiet intimacy. And Hannibal’s words are warm and soft, a side to him only Will can see as he recites,*

*Tyger Tyger, burning bright,*
*In the forests of the night;*
*What immortal hand or eye,*
*Could frame thy fearful symmetry?*

*In what distant deeps or skies,*
*Burnt the fire of thine eyes?*
*On what wings dare he aspire?*
*What the hand, dare seize the fire?*

*“Blake, huh? Appropriate.” Will murmurs, a hint of tease to his tone.*

*“Indeed. Blake was always fascinated by the power of the human soul. The narrator of the poem realizes his own lamb-like humility and tiger-like energy. Incredible, what the soul can accomplish when it has been set free from the constraints of the world.”*

*Will nods against the side of his neck, stroking the other man’s chest hair. “Keep talking,” he demands, wanting to dream with that voice swirling around his head. Hannibal complies, finishing out the poem.*

*And what shoulder, & what art,*
*Could twist the sinews of thy heart?*
*And when thy heart began to beat,*
*What dread hand? & what dread feet?*

*What the hammer? what the chain,*
*In what furnace was thy brain?*
*What the anvil? what dread grasp,*
*Dare its deadly terrors clasp!*

*When the stars threw down their spears*
*And water'd heaven with their tears:*
*Did he smile his work to see?*
*Did he who made the Lamb make thee?*

*Tyger Tyger burning bright,*
*In the forests of the night:*
*What immortal hand or eye,*
*Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?*

Will spends the late Saturday afternoon out fishing on the small pier at the beach not far from where their house is. Several weekends have been spent there together, swimming, laying out in the sun, Hannibal's upper lip curling slightly at the sand tracked back into the house and onto the rug. But it is peaceful here, no clouds in the sky, and the water is clean and cool as he lets his feet hang over the edge of the pier.

There's a bite on his line, and he reels in a red snapper, still fighting for life as its lip is caught in the hook. Usually, Will takes the small hammer he brings with him and gives the fish a tap on the head to end its suffering quickly and leave the meat as whole as possible. But he oversees the fish trying desperately to pull away, and instead of working the hook out carefully, he wraps his fingers around it and pulls hard, tearing right through the gills and letting a little blood leak out onto his fingers. He sits there for a while, running his bloody fingers over the broken scales as the fish twitches until it finally lies still.

Will's blood heats slightly, then calms again as the cool waves splash against his legs, and he stands to return home.

"I'll make dinner tonight, if you'd like that," Will offers as he comes into the kitchen after returning home, placing the fish on a cutting board. Hannibal looks over the top of his book and practically beams.

“I would be honored, Will. What did you catch today?”

“Red snapper,” Will says, selecting a knife from the rack and begins scraping the scales away. “I’m thinking a stew, with some of the good crusty bread you made for dipping. Could you run downstairs and pick out some white wine for the base?”

Hannibal nods, rising gracefully from his chair and heading downstairs to the wine cellar to pick out the perfect bottle to complement the fish. Will is content to let him take his time, as he turns his attention back to the fish fillet before him. The image of the fish twitching in the throes of death flashes through the mind, and he’s reminded of the woman they hunted a few weeks ago. She had sneered over her wineglass as Hannibal had kissed Will’s hand during intermission at the opera, even going so far as to remark to her friend that people should keep their relationships private when they were in public.

Hannibal slit her throat later that week as easily as Will slit open the flesh on the fish to remove the bones. Will had felt a pang of disappointment: he had wanted to tear her apart.

He had noticed this feeling lately, after the last few kills. It felt good, he had come to terms with killing feeling good a long time ago, but now it didn’t feel like enough. No kill since they started their new lives had matched up to the murder of Dolarhyde, when they were both high on adrenaline and channeled frustration, anger, *love.*

Each recent kill had been like smoking a cigarette, taking a shot, injecting a needle into his arm: nothing would ever match that first high, he’d keep chasing it. He needed blood now, having thrown restraint to the wind as they fell from the cliff.

Hannibal did not take pleasure in killing, per se. He enjoyed completing a task flawlessly, he enjoyed removing someone who was rude to him, he enjoyed the power play over a helpless victim, but killing was a means to an end for him.

But Will knew that he had enjoyed killing Dolarhyde as much as he himself had. That image of Hannibal completely unrestrained, teeth bared, blood on his lips. *As if he hadn’t been in love before…*

Will looked back down at the fish he was cutting in his hands and was struck with the desire to rip the tender flesh to pieces with his bare hands, feeling the delicate bones snap as the blood leaked everywhere. Then he was wrapping his hand around someone's hair and stabbing into flesh, biting down on someone rude. Maybe the bank teller, maybe the man who looked at them wrong last week, maybe just the next person that passed him by on the sidewalk, it really didn’t matter, all that mattered was the life fading from their eyes and Will being the cause of it. Choking for breath, begging for life, and Will unrelenting, only letting go when the job was done and he could taste blood in his mouth and feel it rushing in his ears.

He was brought back to reality as he felt a strong hand gripping his hip and rubbing his thumb over the bone, and warm lips against his ear.

“You seem distracted,” Hannibal purred, pulling him closer. “What are you thinking about?”

The only way to lie to Hannibal Lecter was to tell him the truth, so that was what Will did. “You.”

He can feel the smile as Hannibal’s free hand reaches out and wraps his fingers around Will’s on the knife. “May I?”

Will nods, leaning back as he lets Hannibal move their hands together, separating flesh from bone. It’s simple, intimate, a dance they know by heart, and then Will extends his finger too far on purpose and slices it open on the edge of the blade. Hannibal’s breath hitches just enough for Will to notice, and he sets the knife down to move Will’s hand up to his his lips and licks the drop of blood that leaks out.

“Delicious,” he murmurs, and Will can shake himself out of his haze to smirk, which he returns. “However, we should finish dinner, snapper is best fresh.”

Three hours later, after a snapper stew and home-baked bread with two glasses each of white wine, Will is asleep in their bed. His dreams are full of blood and the sounds of screams, and he has never felt more at peace.

The thought of killing gnaws at the back of Will’s mind, an itch that doesn’t go away and he can’t scratch it. He’s an addict looking for his next fix, and he’s getting restless.

Then Hannibal mentions over breakfast one morning that he will be late coming home tonight, he has to go through the archives in order to find the correct materials for the lecture tomorrow. Will nods nonchalantly, but inside he is buzzing.

He comes home from his own job that evening, and changes into a fine black silk shirt with black dress pants to match, taking care to brush his hair back from his eyes, carefully applying concealer over the scar to appear as normal as possible before going out, ending up at the bar across town. He nurses a cheap beer in the corner, eyes scanning over the other patrons before locking eyes with the blonde man seated at the very edge of the bar. He watches as the man pinches the waitress’ ass as she walks past, before ordering two beers and making his way over to Will, sliding into the seat across from him with a greasy smile.

“See anything you like?” he smirks, offering the beer to Will. Will’s eyes focuses on the overworked vein pumping like mad in the man's neck. It’s *right* there, he could just lean over and rip it open with his teeth. He smiles back, looking up through his long eyelashes.

“Yes,” he purrs, and he can’t tell whose heart is beating faster.

“Want to have another drink at my place?” the man asks, leaning in closer, vein twitching. *So close…*

“I have single malt at my house, far nicer than cheap beer,” Will says smoothly, standing up in a fluid motion, giving him directions before heading out the door. His blood is rushing in

his ears in anticipation, palming the knife in his pocket.

Will is content to waste hundred-dollar single malt as long as he gets what he wants. He decided before going out that he doesn't feel like too much of a fight tonight. So he watches the man drink half a bottle before leaning in too close.

"How 'bout a kiss?" he slurs, and Will smiles the way a shark does.

"Close your eyes," he says lowly, commanding, hand inching over to the knife rack as the man closes his eyes. He removes his favorite, dragging the dull end over his bottom lip, making the man's eyes snap open before Will grins and catches the sharp tip in the corner of his mouth and pulling hard so he rips the skin all the way to the middle of his cheek. The blood spatters across Will's face and he lick his lips as the choked screams escape from his grotesque new smile. He makes a halfhearted attempt to push at Will, only for Will to easily overpower him, pushing him down onto the once-spotless kitchen floor and practically straddling the man. Will shushes the man in a voice that feels far too controlled as he copies the motion on the other side of the man's mouth with a firm flick of the wrist.

And then he hears the front door *re*lock.

He looks up and sees Hannibal standing by the front door, one eyebrow raised in something close to amusement.

*You're home early,* Will could say. *Just getting dinner ready,* that's another quip. *Sorry about the mess,* that would be funny.

But he's too far gone now to even *speak* right now.

He can feel his eyes burning, not with tears but with fire and blood and *lust,* and his lips are pulled back, baring his teeth as he breathes hard. Hannibal's eyes cloud over with a look all too similar to that cliffside, sanguine irises nearly turning black.

*Come here,* Will says without speaking, and Hannibal obeys. He comes into the kitchen and selects his own knife and then kneels before Will and his prey, who still struggles vainly in Will's iron grasp. After a thought and what feels like hours staring into each other's eyes, Hannibal sets the knife down completely, pushing Will's hands away from his victim before taking the man's jaw in his hands, running his thumbs over the bones, looking displeased at the screaming as it interrupts the beautiful scene. He presses his thumbs down hard as he gripped the bottom of the jaw, *yanks,* and tears right through the muscles connecting the jawbone to the skull.

Will almost leans over and kisses him.

Both men lift up their knife in tandem and start dragging them down the man's sides, the abdomen, the chest. There is no care, no attempt to make this clean, to preserve the meat for

later. No, it’s shredding, tearing, ripping, all for the sheer pleasure of it. Ribs snap, blood squishes and oozes as they both clutch at everything and nothing, organs are being crushed in tight grasps, and they only stop when the blood soaking through both of their clothes starts to grow cold, and Hannibal and Will’s hands meet on the spine. Hannibal's hands wrap around Will’s as Will tightens his hold on the bone, and they both feel the spine break. The man gives one last spasm in the throes of death before he falls still.

Both men are breathing hard, no restraint left. Will abruptly lets out a soft growl before shakily getting to his feet, hand still entwined with Hannibal and he roughly pulls him to a standing position as well before wrapping a bloodstained hand around his neck and kissing him hard, nearly melting at the knees when Hannibal snarls into the kiss and shoves him back against the granite counter as his hand grabs Will’s hipbone and squeezes hard enough to bruise. Maybe even hard enough to break. Will rakes one hand down Hannibal’s neck, another hand reaches under his shirt and digs in his nails against his spine. Every kiss is rough and full of teeth and tongue and tastes of copper and single malt.

*I want to tear you apart,* they both think.

*I want **you** to tear **me** apart.*

*I want you to put me back together the way you want me.*

*Right now.*

*Please.*

Neither knows who drags the other towards the staircase, up the stairs, still coated and in blood and gore.

Hannibal’s last coherent thought is the feeling of Will’s nails breaking the skin over the Verger brand.

Will’s last coherent thought is the feeling of Hannibal’s sharp teeth dragging down his cheek scar.

*My name is Will Graham, time doesn’t exist, and I am in bed with Hannibal Lecter.*

The sheets that were not kicked off the bed are soaked in blood and sweat and possibly tears, and neither of them have the energy or the care to pick them up off of the floor.

“I think I needed that,” Will slurs, leaning back against the pillows, pleasantly sore and covered in scratches and bites. Hannibal is in a similar state, only he’s turned on his side to stare at Will in complete adoration.

“I think I knew that,” Hannibal remarks, and if Will wasn’t spent, he would have hit him in the chest. So he settles for a glare.

“Smug bastard. I’ll make you pay for that in the morning.”

“Please do. Though I do believe that you were making me pay for it earlier.” Hannibal is also too spent to reach out and brush sweat-drenched curls from Will’s forehead. So he moves a half-inch closer, still smiling. “And how do you feel now?”

“Like I’ve finally scratched an itch I haven't been able to reach in forever,” Will sighs, turning to his side as well and moving close enough that Hannibal can reach out and touch him. “Thank you for indulging me, I know you like to keep the kills clean.”

“I will let you act on your baser desires, Will, I want you to embrace your true nature. All you have to do is ask, and I will do anything you demand of me, up to and including removing my own heart from my chest and laying it at your feet.”

“I’d rather eat it,” Will teases before yawning. “A rare delicacy that should be savored.”

Hannibal smiles, gathering enough energy to pull Will completely into his arms, and manages to murmur before they both drift into sleep, “You already have it, my love.”

End Notes

Poem used in this piece is "The Tyger" by William Blake (of The Great Red Dragon fame, yes)

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